

No. 1266

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Commando

WAR STORIES IN PICTURES

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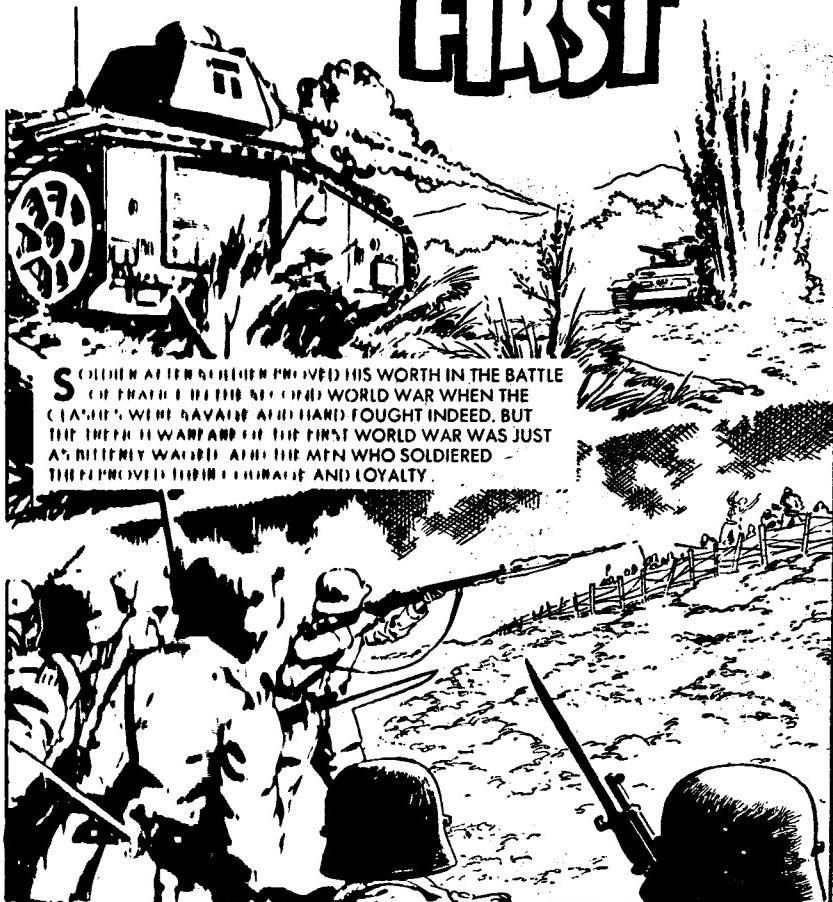


COURAGE COMES FIRST



Stars of Speedway — George Hunter

COURAGE COMES FIRST



SOLDIER AFTER SOLDIER PROVED HIS WORTH IN THE BATTLE OF FRANCE IN THE SECOND WORLD WAR WHEN THE CLASHES WERE RAVAGING AND HARD FOUGHT INDEED. BUT THE FRENCH WARFARE OF THE FIRST WORLD WAR WAS JUST AS BRUTALLY WAGED, AND THE MEN WHO SOLDIERED THEN PROVED THEIR COURAGE AND LOYALTY.

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SUCH A MAN WAS LIEUTENANT JACQUES GUYARD OF THE FRENCH ARMY. THE POSITION HE AND HIS SOLDIERS DEFENDED IN 1916 WAS OF GREAT STRATEGIC IMPORTANCE, AND THEY WERE DETERMINED TO HOLD OFF THE GERMANS' THRUST AT ANY COST.



DESPITE THE INTENSE SHELLING AND FRENCH FIRE, THE ATTACKING GERMANS REACHED THE TOP OF THE HILL, AND A FIERCE STRUGGLE ENSUED.



AND EVENTUALLY THE DETERMINED DEFENDERS FORCED THE GERMANS TO WITHDRAW.



DESPITE HIS PUZZLEMENT AND DISAGREEMENT, GUYARD WAS AN OFFICER TO WHOM ORDERS WERE ORDERS. BUT HE ISSUED THEM IN A DESPONDENT TONE.



THEN THINGS BEGAN TO GO WRONG FOR THE BRAVE DEFENDERS. FIRST, A SNIPER'S BULLET FOUND LIEUTENANT GUYARD. FROM WHERE IT CAME NO ONE IN THE FRENCH LINES KNEW.



AT THE VERY MOMENT THE LIEUTENANT FELL, THE GERMANS LAUNCHED THEIR MOST DETERMINED ATTACK YET. AND WITH CONFUSION SPREADING IN THE FRENCH RANKS, THE ADVANCING TROOPS MET LITTLE RESISTANCE.



MISUNDERSTANDING FOLLOWED IN THE FRENCH LINES. THE REMAINING MEN SAW THE WOUNDED LIEUTENANT GUYARD BEING CARRIED AWAY AND SOME OF THEM WRONGLY ASSUMED THAT THIS WAS A SIGNAL TO WITHDRAW.



THE ONCE ORGANISED FRENCH TROOPS WERE NOW A PANIC-STRicken MASS, FLEEING FROM THEIR TRENCH. THE LIEUTENANT REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS AMIDST THIS SORRY SIGHT.



HE TRIED IN VAIN TO HALT THE CONFUSED RETREAT.



GUYARD COLLAPSED, UNCONSCIOUS AGAIN, AND AS HE FEARED, THE GERMAN ASSAULT FELL ON THE FRENCH SECOND LINE, CATCHING THEM OFF BALANCE BEFORE THEY COULD DIG IN. AND SERGEANT DELANT AND HIS WEARY SOLDIERS DID NOT KNOW THAT THEY WERE NOT ONLY KILLING GERMANS — BUT ALSO THE FEW FRONT LINE SURVIVORS.

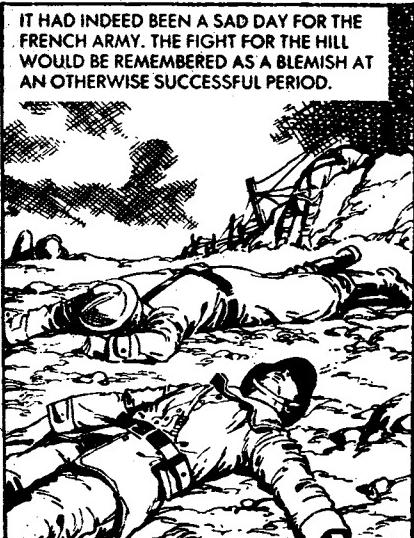


SERGEANT DELANT FELL DYING, STILL NOT KNOWING THE CAUSE OF THE PANIC-STRIKEN RETREAT,

"TO OUR REAR LINES, MEN AMIS."

AAGH!!

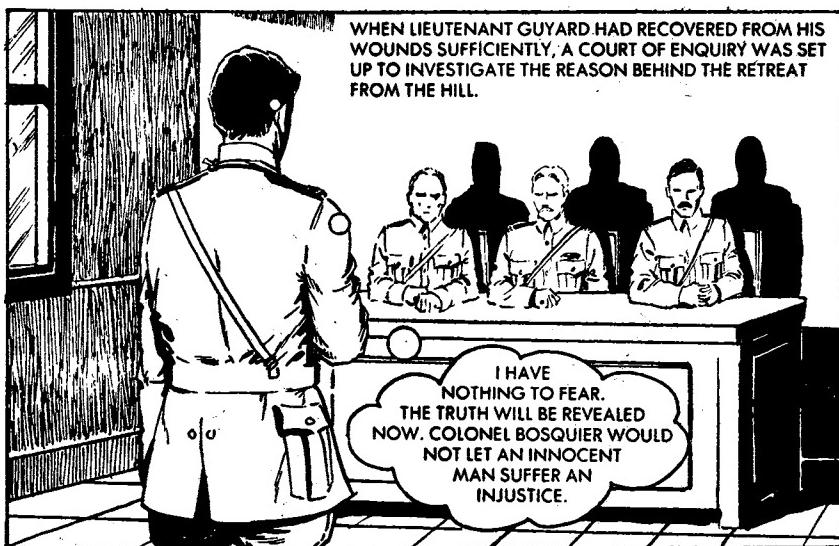
IT HAD INDEED BEEN A SAD DAY FOR THE FRENCH ARMY. THE FIGHT FOR THE HILL WOULD BE REMEMBERED AS A BLEMISH AT AN OTHERWISE SUCCESSFUL PERIOD.



AND FATE HAD DECIDED THAT LIEUTENANT JACQUES GUYARD WOULD BE ONE OF THE FEW SURVIVORS FROM THE BATTLE. HE HAD COME TO AFTER THE FIGHTING WAS OVER AND STAGGERED TO THE NEW FRENCH LINES.



WHEN LIEUTENANT GUYARD HAD RECOVERED FROM HIS WOUNDS SUFFICIENTLY, A COURT OF ENQUIRY WAS SET UP TO INVESTIGATE THE REASON BEHIND THE RETREAT FROM THE HILL.



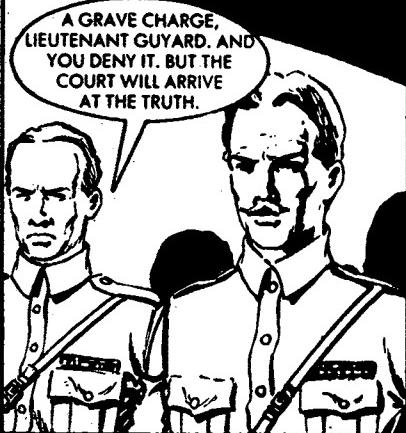
THE NOTE TO RETREAT HAD COME FROM BOSQUIER, BUT HAD JACQUES GUYARD BEEN ABLE TO READ HIS THOUGHTS, HIS CONFIDENCE IN JUSTICE MIGHT HAVE BEEN SEVERELY SHAKEN. FOR THE COLONEL WAS A MAN WITH A LOT ON HIS MIND.



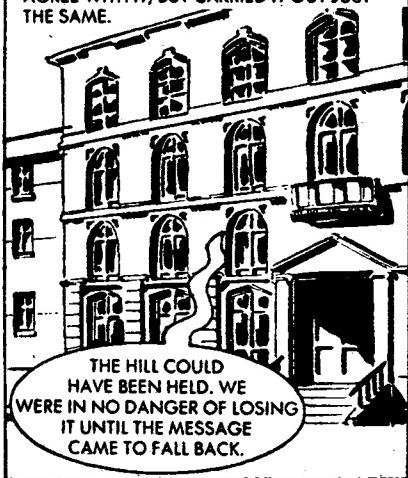
THE COLONEL HAD ORDERED THE RETREAT IN A MOMENT OF PANIC. HE HAD NO IDEA OF THE STRENGTH OF THE FRENCH DEFENCES, AND RATHER THAN RISK THE LOSS OF LIEUTENANT GUYARD AND HIS MEN, BOSQUIER HAD DECIDED TO PULL BACK THE TROOPS TO A SAFE POSITION.



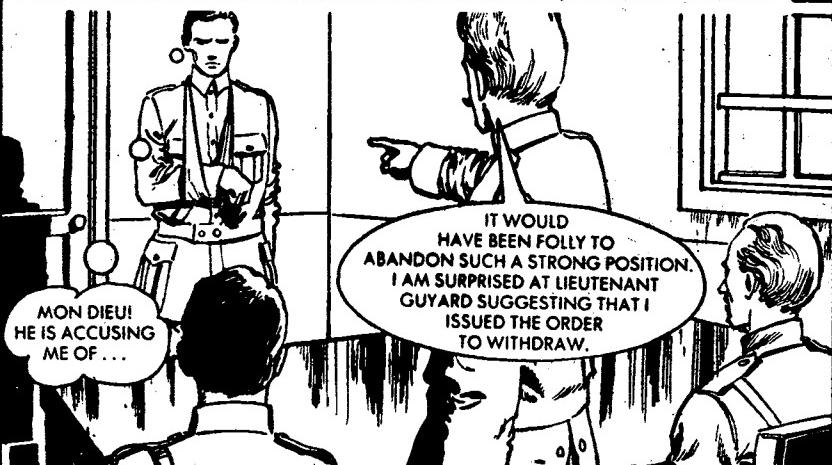
IT WAS ALLEGED THAT LIEUTENANT GUYARD HAD DESERTED HIS POST, THUS BEING RESPONSIBLE FOR THE LOSS OF THE HILL—AND MANY OF HIS MEN.



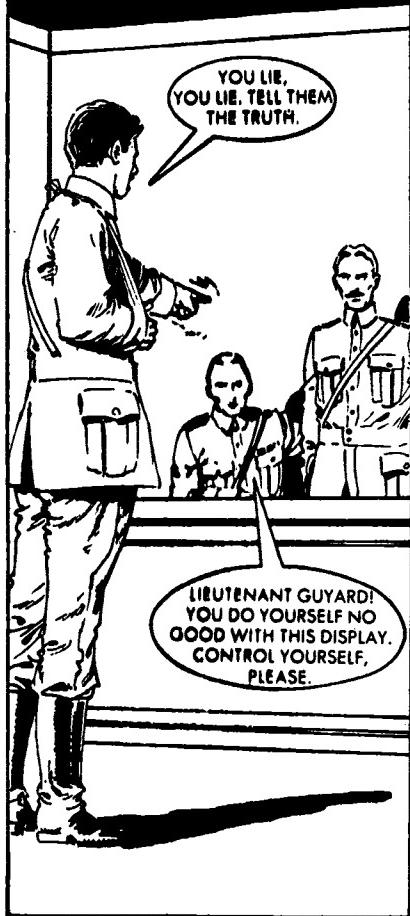
THEN LIEUTENANT GUYARD TOLD OF THE ORDER HE HAD RECEIVED. HOW HE DID NOT AGREE WITH IT, BUT CARRIED IT OUT JUST THE SAME.



BUT COLONEL BOSQUIER FLATLY DENIED HAVING SENT SUCH A MESSAGE. HE WAS PREPARED TO GO TO ANY LENGTHS TO DEFEND HIS FAMILY NAME. AND WHEN HE FINALLY POINTED AN ACCUSING FINGER AT GUYARD THE LATTER STOOD, COMPLETELY SHOCKED.



IT WAS TOO MUCH FOR JACQUES GUYARD TO BEAR IN SILENCE. HE SHOUTED IN PROTEST, AND ALTHOUGH THE COLONEL REMAINED OUTWARDLY UNRUFFLED, INWARDLY HE KNEW HE HAD TOLD A BARE-FACED LIE AND HATED HIMSELF FOR IT.

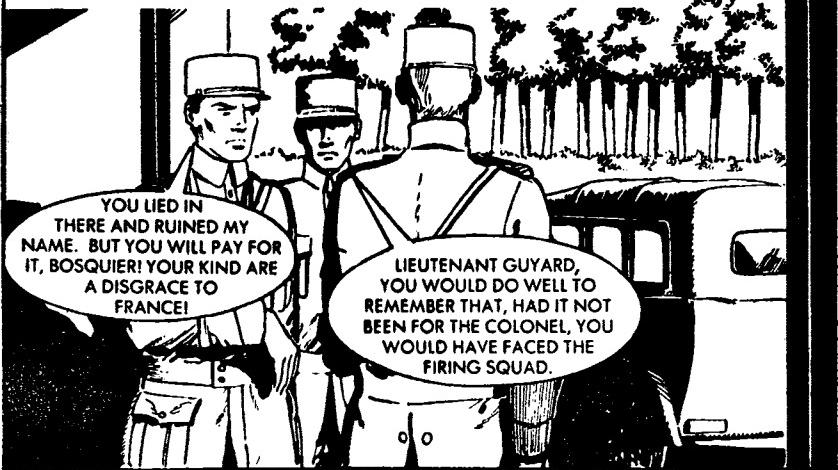


THERE WERE NO OTHER SURVIVORS FROM THAT DAY WHO COULD HAVE TESTIFIED TO THE TRUTH OF GUYARD'S ALLEGATION. IT WAS A MATTER OF A COLONEL'S WORD AGAINST THAT OF A LIEUTENANT. AND IN VIEW THIS FACT THERE WAS ONLY ONE DECISION WHICH THE COURT COULD ARRIVE AT.

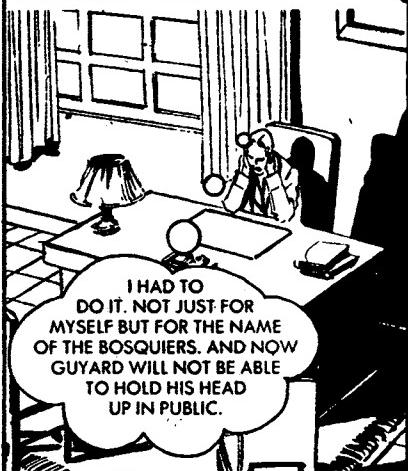


BEFORE THE COURT DECIDED ON GUYARD'S PUNISHMENT, COLONEL BOSQUIER MADE KNOWN THE FACT THAT THE LIEUTENANT HAD BEEN AN EXCELLENT SOLDIER. IT WAS ONLY THE TRUTH BUT IT WOULD CERTAINLY SAVE HIM FROM THE DEATH PENALTY.

BUT HE DID NOT FEEL ANY GRATITUDE TOWARDS BOSQUIER. THE LIEUTENANT HAD BEEN DISCHARGED WITH DISGRACE FROM THE ARMY AND AS THEY LEFT THE COURT HE TOLD THE COLONEL JUST WHAT HE THOUGHT OF HIM.

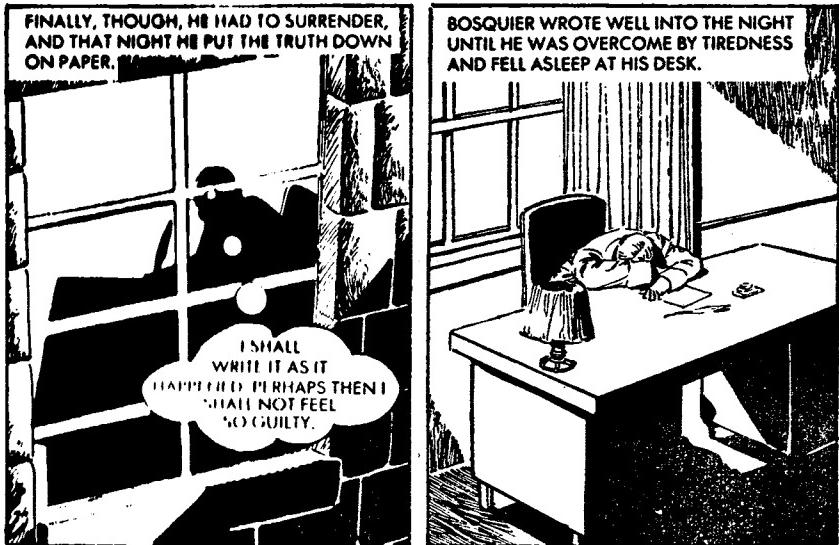


BUT ONCE ALONE, THE FULL MEASURE OF WHAT HE HAD DONE HIT BOSQUIER LIKE A BLOW ON THE HEAD.



IN FACT, JACQUES WAS RARELY SEEN IN PUBLIC AFTER BEING DISCHARGED. AND HE HAD BUILT UP AN INTENSE HATRED FOR THE NAME OF BOSQUIER.

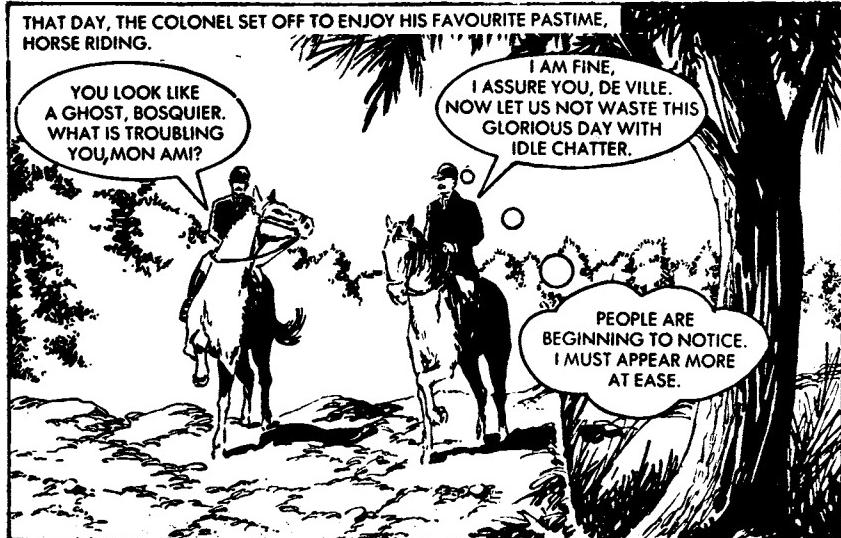




BUT WRITING THE TRUTH DID LITTLE TO APPEASE HIS FEELING OF GUILT. DESPITE THE BRILLIANT SUNSHINE HE STILL FELT EXTREMELY ANXIOUS.



THAT DAY, THE COLONEL SET OFF TO ENJOY HIS FAVOURITE PASTIME, HORSE RIDING.



IN AN ATTEMPT TO FORGET HIS BURDEN OF GUILT, HE TOOK AN ENORMOUS RISK. HE RACED TOWARDS A SIX FOOT HEDGE, PAYING NO HEED TO HIS FRIEND'S SHOUTS OF PROTEST.

NO, BOSQUIER!
YOU CANNOT POSSIBLY
MAKE THAT JUMP!

BUT YOU
ARE WRONG, DE
VILLE ...

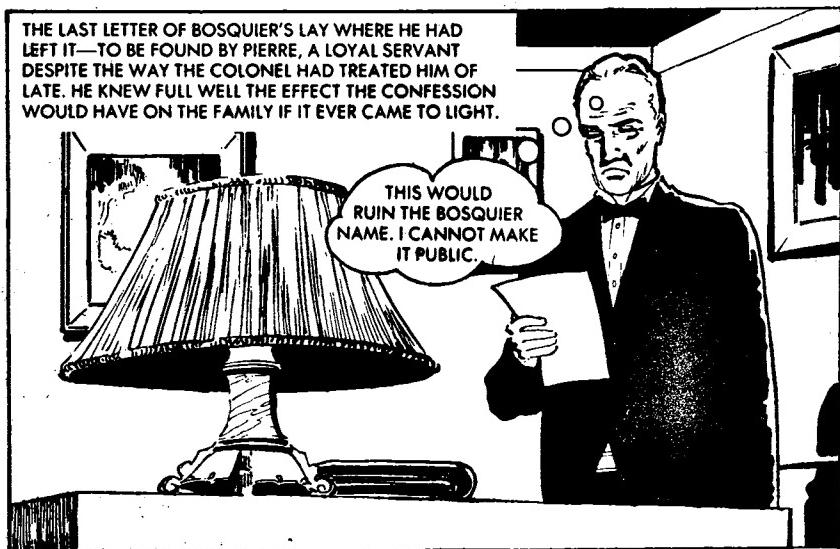
BUT DE VILLE
WAS NOT WRONG. FOR
AT THE LAST MOMENT
THE HORSE STOPPED AND SHIED
THE COLONEL FROM ITS BACK.

NO—NO
... AAARGHH!

BOSQUIER FELL BADLY, AND DE VILLE FOUND TO HIS HORROR THAT HE HAD BROKEN HIS NECK. SO AT LAST THE COLONEL HAD FOUND THE PEACE HE SO DESPERATELY CRAVED.



THE LAST LETTER OF BOSQUIER'S LAY WHERE HE HAD LEFT IT—TO BE FOUND BY PIERRE, A LOYAL SERVANT DESPITE THE WAY THE COLONEL HAD TREATED HIM OF LATE. HE KNEW FULL WELL THE EFFECT THE CONFESSION WOULD HAVE ON THE FAMILY IF IT EVER CAME TO LIGHT.



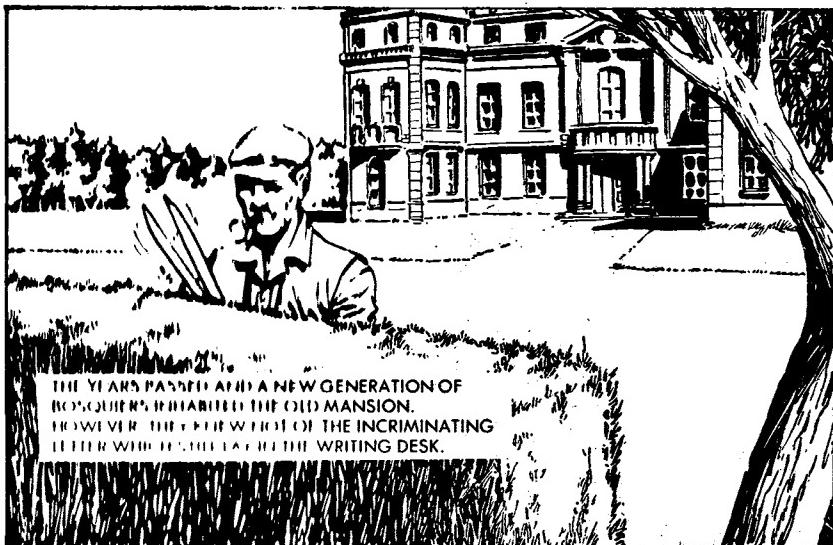
BUT THE SERVANT COULD NOT BRING HIMSELF TO DESTROY THE LETTER. HE DECIDED TO LOCK IT SAFELY AWAY IN A SECRET DRAWER IN THE WRITING DESK.



HOWEVER, THE FAITHFUL OLD SERVANT NEVER RECOVERED FROM THE SHOCK OF HIS MASTER'S DEATH. AND A FEW WEEKS LATER HE HIMSELF DIED.



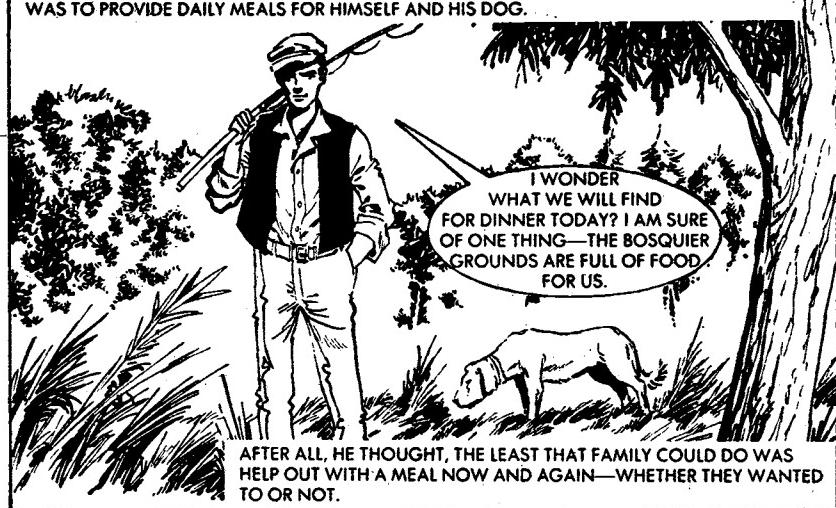
THE YEARS PASSED AND A NEW GENERATION OF BOUSQUETS INHABITED THE OLD MANSION. HOWEVER, THE FEW WHO KNEW OF THE INCRIMINATING LETTER WOULD STILL CALL THE WRITING DESK.



BUT THE GUYARD FAMILY HAD NOT FARED WELL SINCE THE END OF THE WAR. THEY HAD LOST LAND AND HOME AND FINALLY TOOK TO THE GIPSY LIFE. THE LATEST IN LINE, ANTON GUYARD, COULD NOT HAVE ASKED FOR A STYLE OF LIVING THAT SUITED HIM SO WELL.



HE WAS FREE AND HAPPY AND HAD NOT A CARE IN THE WORLD. HIS ONLY RESPONSIBILITY WAS TO PROVIDE DAILY MEALS FOR HIMSELF AND HIS DOG.



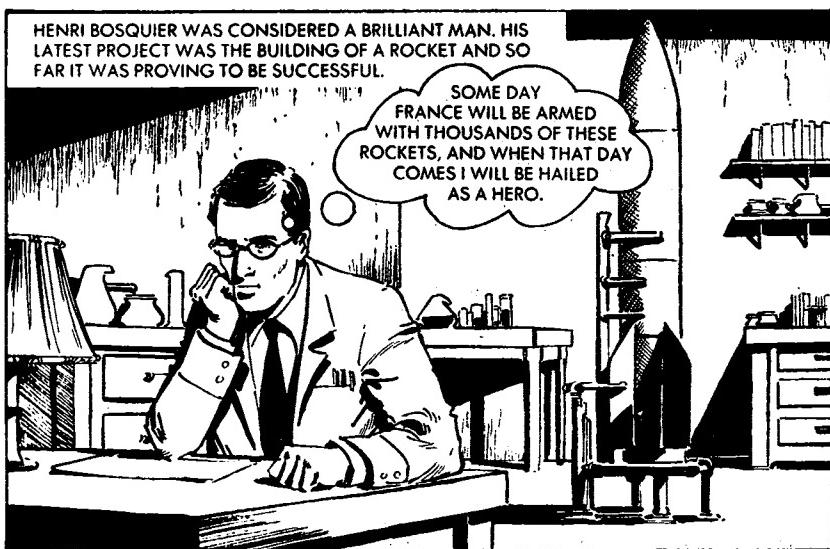
AFTER ALL, HE THOUGHT, THE LEAST THAT FAMILY COULD DO WAS HELP OUT WITH A MEAL NOW AND AGAIN—WHETHER THEY WANTED TO OR NOT.

THE BOSQUIER FAMILY HAD RETAINED MUCH OF THEIR PREVIOUS WEALTH OVER THE YEARS. HENRI, THE COLONEL'S NEPHEW, WAS A SCIENTIST OF NOTE. AND HIS YOUNGER BROTHER, PAUL, HAD A NOTION OF FOLLOWING THEIR MILITARY TRADITION.

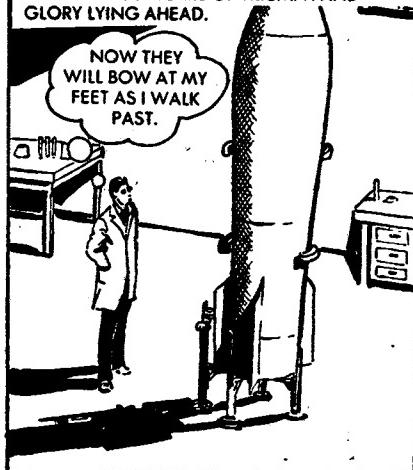


HENRI BOSQUIER WAS CONSIDERED A BRILLIANT MAN. HIS LATEST PROJECT WAS THE BUILDING OF A ROCKET AND SO FAR IT WAS PROVING TO BE SUCCESSFUL.

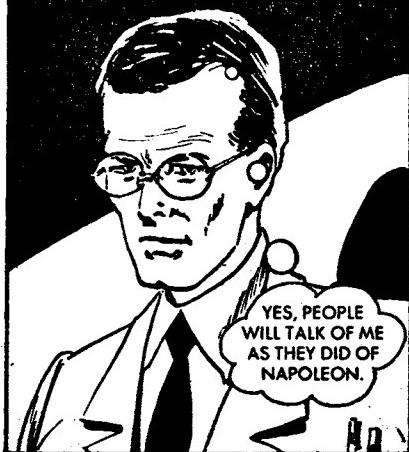
SOME DAY
FRANCE WILL BE ARMED
WITH THOUSANDS OF THESE
ROCKETS, AND WHEN THAT DAY
COMES I WILL BE HAILED
AS A HERO.



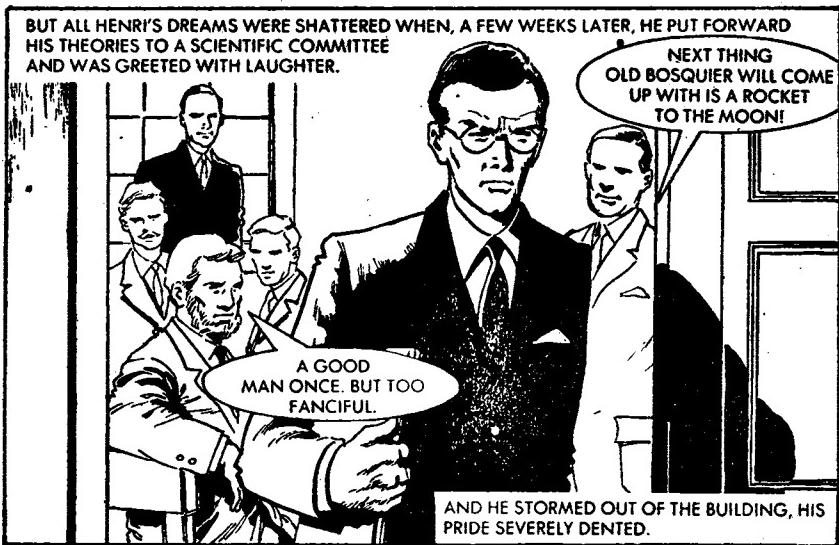
HE FIRMLY BELIEVED THAT HIS ROCKET WOULD MAKE HIM FAMOUS, AND HE COULD ONLY FORESEE YEARS OF TRIUMPH AND GLORY LYING AHEAD.



HENRI BOSQUIER CERTAINLY HELD A GOOD OPINION OF HIMSELF.



BUT ALL HENRI'S DREAMS WERE SHATTERED WHEN, A FEW WEEKS LATER, HE PUT FORWARD HIS THEORIES TO A SCIENTIFIC COMMITTEE AND WAS GREETED WITH LAUGHTER.

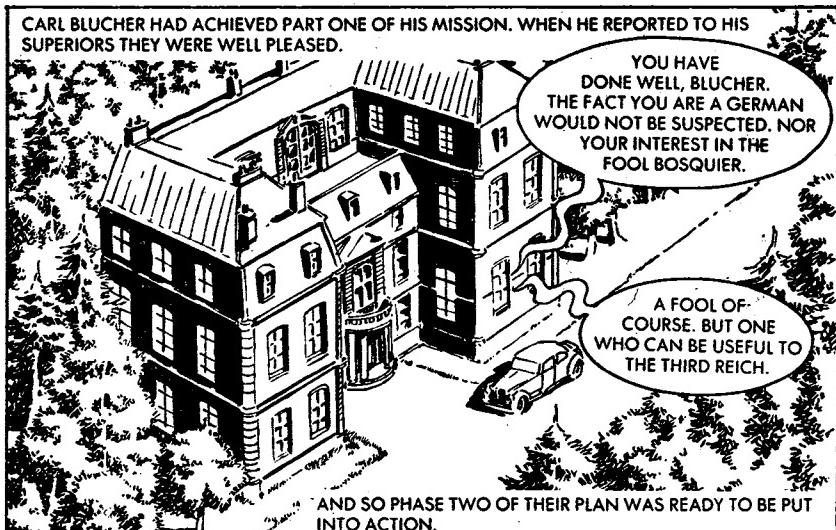
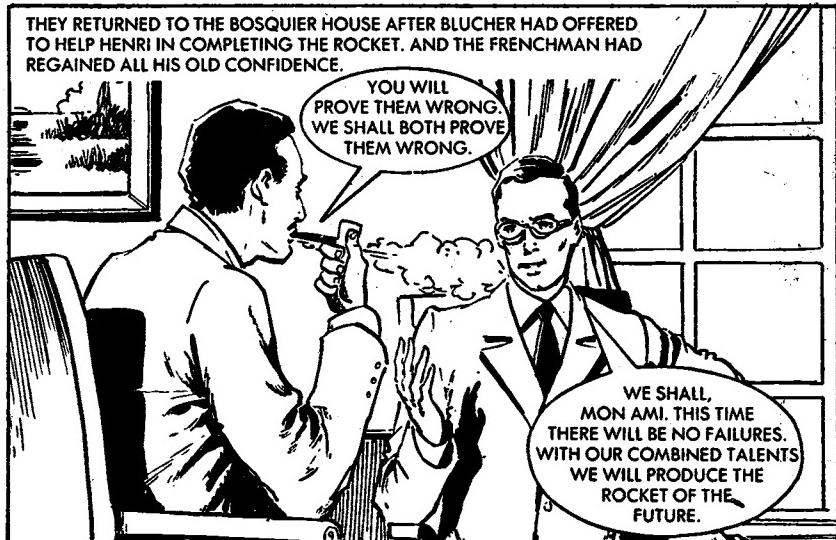


HOWEVER, ONE MAN WAS NOT AMUSED. THAT MAN WAS CARL BLUCHER, A NAZI AGENT. HE HAD BEEN WORKING ON SIMILAR LINES TO HENRI, UNDER THE GUISE OF A FRENCH SCIENTIST, REYNARD BLOCH. NOW, AFTER HEARING THE THEORIES, HE FELT THAT THE SCIENTIST COULD BE OF USE TO THE THIRD REICH.



THE NAZI LATER MET HENRI IN A RESTAURANT, AND UNDER THE PRETENCE OF FEELING SYMPATHETIC HE BECAME FRIENDLY WITH THE FRENCHMAN.

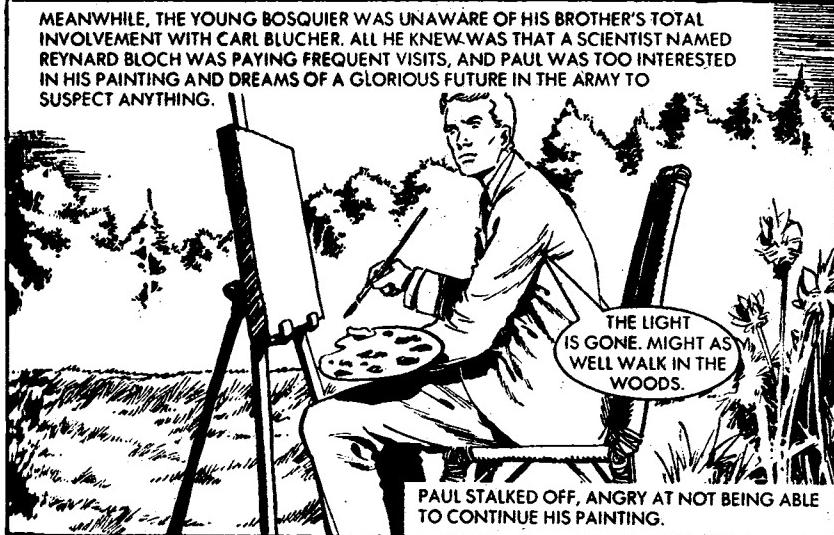




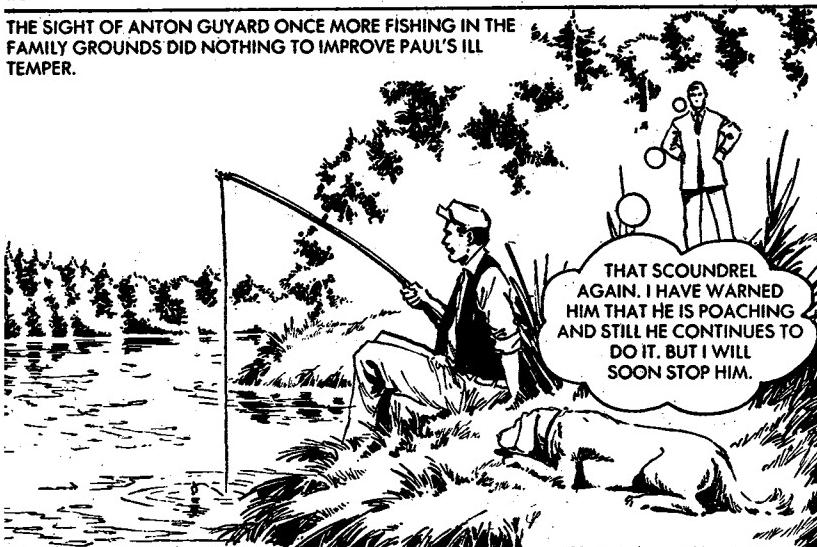
THE NEXT DAY THE NAZI AGENT ARRIVED WITH THE ENSURANCE OF THEIR PARTNERSHIP, AND THE ANSWER TO HENRI'S PROBLEMS—MONEY.



MEANWHILE, THE YOUNG BOSQUIER WAS UNAWARE OF HIS BROTHER'S TOTAL INVOLVEMENT WITH CARL BLUCHER. ALL HE KNEW WAS THAT A SCIENTIST NAMED REYNARD BLOCH WAS PAYING FREQUENT VISITS, AND PAUL WAS TOO INTERESTED IN HIS PAINTING AND DREAMS OF A GLORIOUS FUTURE IN THE ARMY TO SUSPECT ANYTHING.



THE SIGHT OF ANTON GUYARD ONCE MORE FISHING IN THE FAMILY GROUNDS DID NOTHING TO IMPROVE PAUL'S ILL TEMPER.



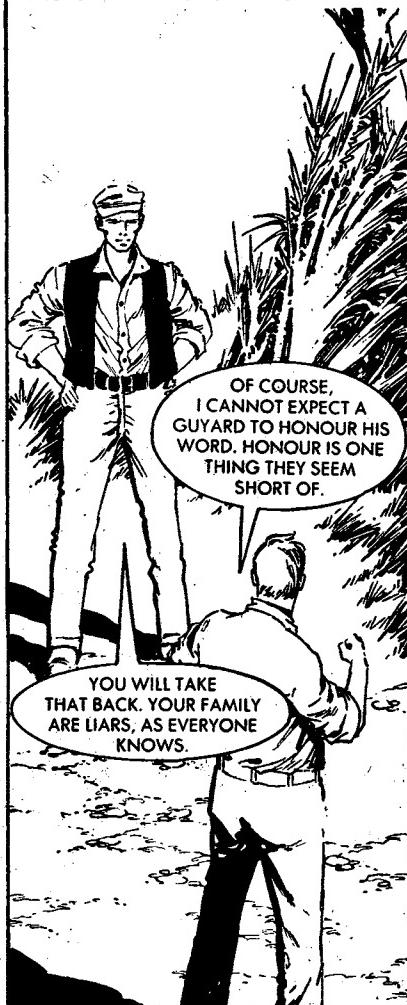
MUCH TO PAUL'S ANGER, ANTON DID NOT SEEM IN THE LEAST PERTURBED BY HIS THREAT OF INFORMING THE LOCAL GENDARME.



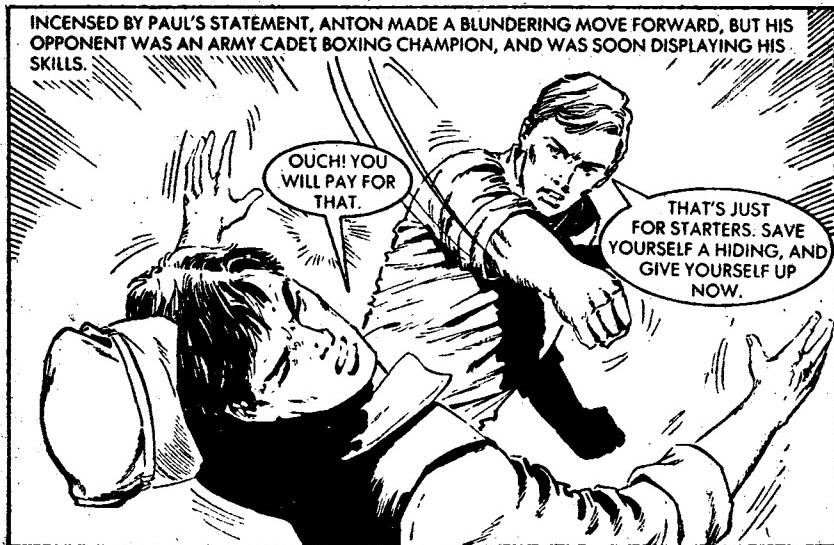
ANTON TOOK PAUL AT HIS WORD AND THEY PREPARED TO FIGHT, THE GIPSY GRINNING CONFIDENTLY ALL THE WHILE.



THEN PAUL MADE A JIBE THAT WIPE THE GRIN FROM ANTON'S FACE, AS HE KNEW IT WOULD, FOR BOTH FAMILIES STILL HELD AN INTENSE HATRED FOR ONE ANOTHER.



INCENSED BY PAUL'S STATEMENT, ANTON MADE A BLUNDERING MOVE FORWARD, BUT HIS OPPONENT WAS AN ARMY CADET BOXING CHAMPION, AND WAS SOON DISPLAYING HIS SKILLS.



BUT WHILE ANTON TRIED TO GAIN ADVANTAGE WITH HIS SUPERIOR STRENGTH, YOUNG BOSQUIER REMAINED COOL AND DELIVERED SEVERAL TELLING BLOWS.



THEN THE TABLES WERE TURNED. ANTON FINALLY THREW A POWERFUL BLOW WHICH SHOOK PAUL ON HIS HEELS.



AND SO IT CONTINUED. PUNCH AFTER PUNCH WAS THROWN BUT NEITHER MAN BUCKLED.

YOU ARE AS STUBBORN AS A MULE, GUYARD.

AND YOU ARE A CRAFTY DEVIL.

IT LOOKED AS IF THEY WOULD HAVE TO SETTLE THE MATTER IN SOME OTHER WAY.

UNTIL, OUT OF THE BLUE, A MIGHTY SWING FROM ANTON CONNECTED FULLY WITH PAUL'S JAW. THE YOUNG BOSQUIER WAS KNOCKED COLD.

SLEEP SWEETLY, MON AMI.

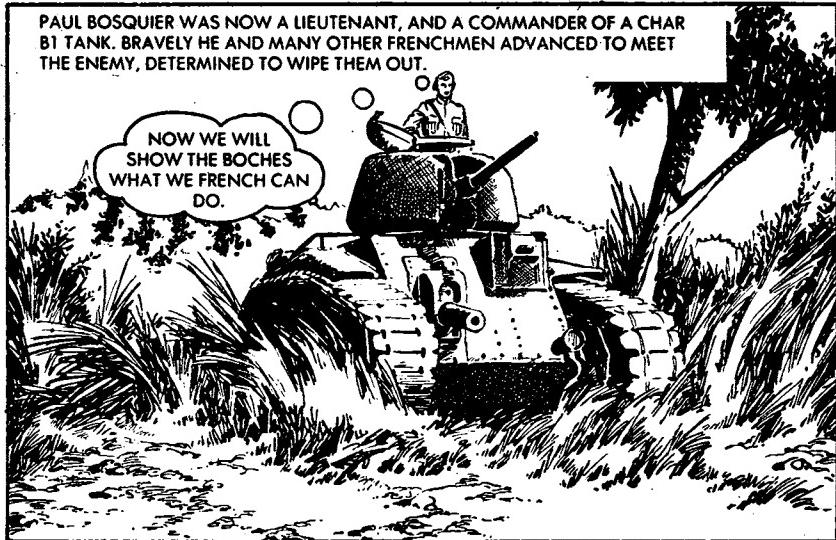
WITH THAT, ANTON RETURNED TO HIS FISHING.



PEACE IN FRANCE LASTED A FURTHER SIX MONTHS BEFORE THE MIGHTY FORCES OF
GERMANY CAME TO BEAR UPON THE COMPARITIVELY WEAK FRENCH. THIS WAS THE
BLITZKRIEG—THE NAZIS' SAVAGE ATTACK ON FRANCE.



PAUL BOSQUIER WAS NOW A LIEUTENANT, AND A COMMANDER OF A CHAR B1 TANK. BRAVELY HE AND MANY OTHER FRENCHMEN ADVANCED TO MEET THE ENEMY, DETERMINED TO WIPE THEM OUT.



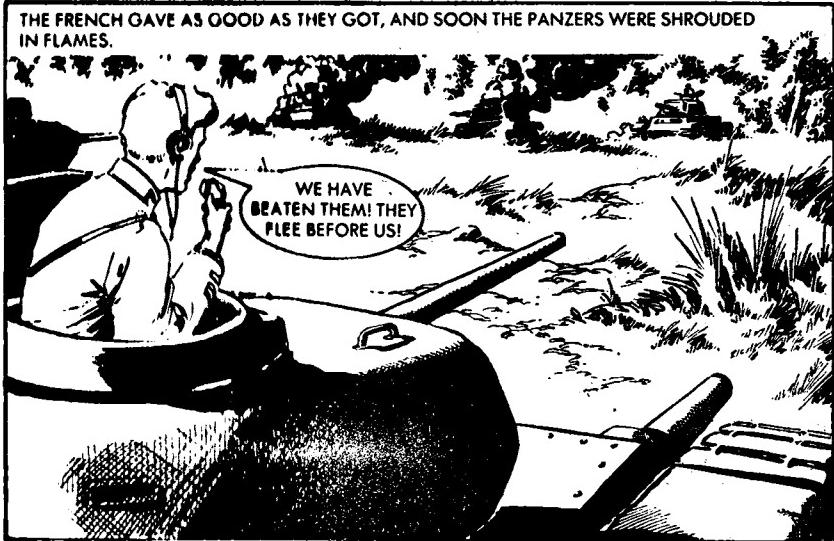
BUT THE FRENCH WERE GREATLY OUTNUMBERED. THE COURAGE OF THE FIRST WORLD WAR WAS ONCE AGAIN DISPLAYED, BUT IT WAS NO MATCH FOR THE NAZI POWER.



THE DRIVER ACTED INSTANTLY ON PAUL'S COMMAND AND THE OTHER CHAR B TANKS FOLLOWED. NOW THEY FACED AN EQUAL NUMBER OF ENEMY TANKS.



THE FRENCH GAVE AS GOOD AS THEY GOT, AND SOON THE PANZERS WERE SHROUDED IN FLAMES.



BUT THE GERMANS WERE NOT BEATEN YET. IN A LAST DETERMINED EFFORT TO WIPE OUT THE FRENCH ARMOUR, THE COMMANDER CONTACTED THE LUFTWAFFE.



WITHIN MINUTES THE STUKAS FLEW TO THE SCENE AS MORE FRENCH TANKS ALSO ARRIVED. THE FLIGHT LEADER TOOK IN THE SCENE BELOW AND RAPPED OUT CURT ORDERS.



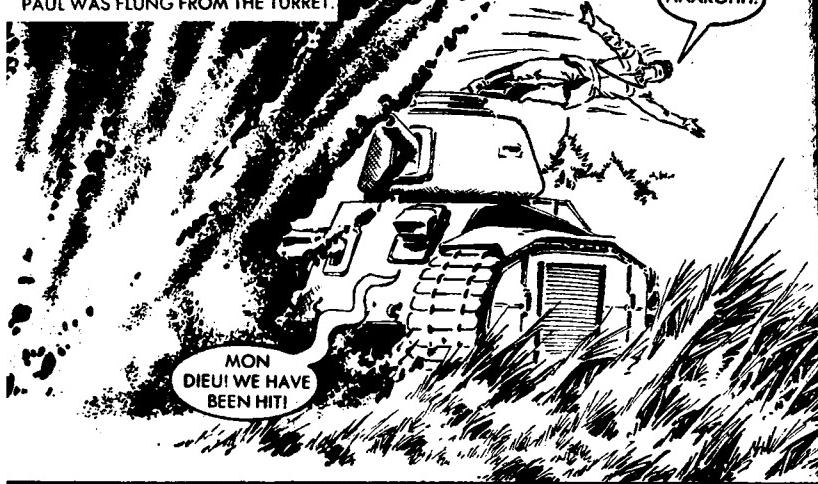
THE FAMILIAR SPINE-CHILLING SCREAM OF THE STUKA WAS HEARD ONCE AGAIN AS THE AIRCRAFT SWOOPED DOWN LIKE UGLY BIRDS OF PREY



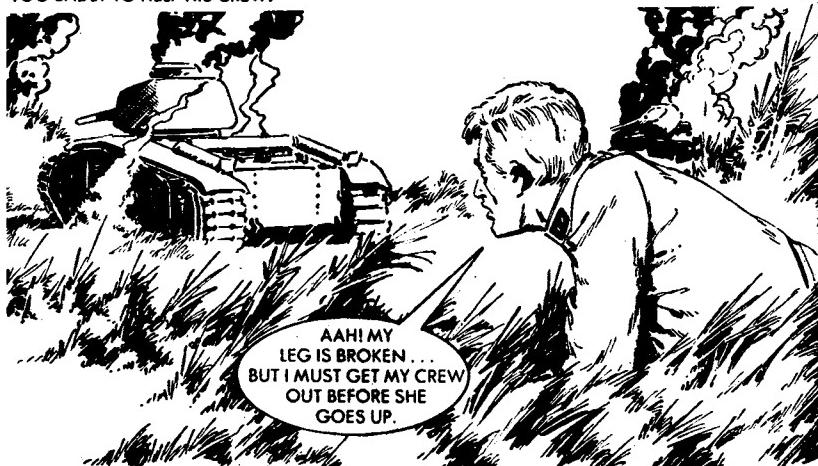
AND THE GERMANS BOMBED WITH DEADLY ACCURACY, GIVING THE FRENCH NO CHANCE TO ESCAPE

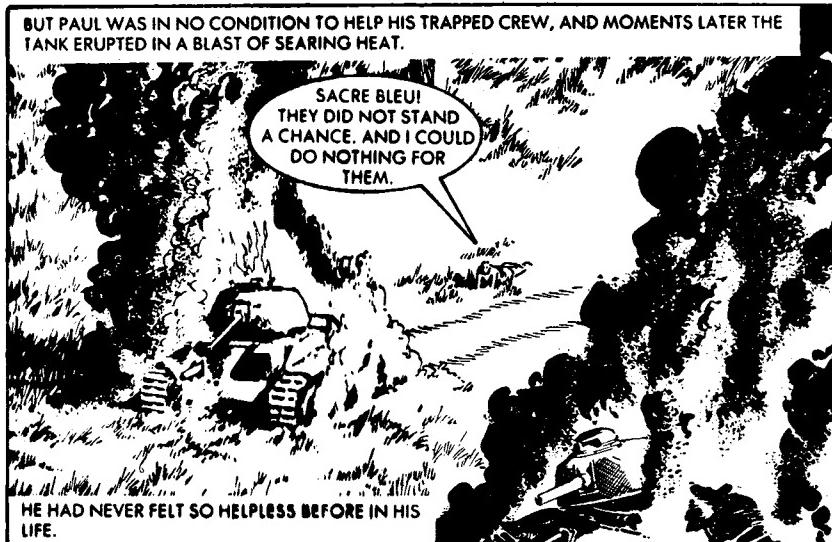


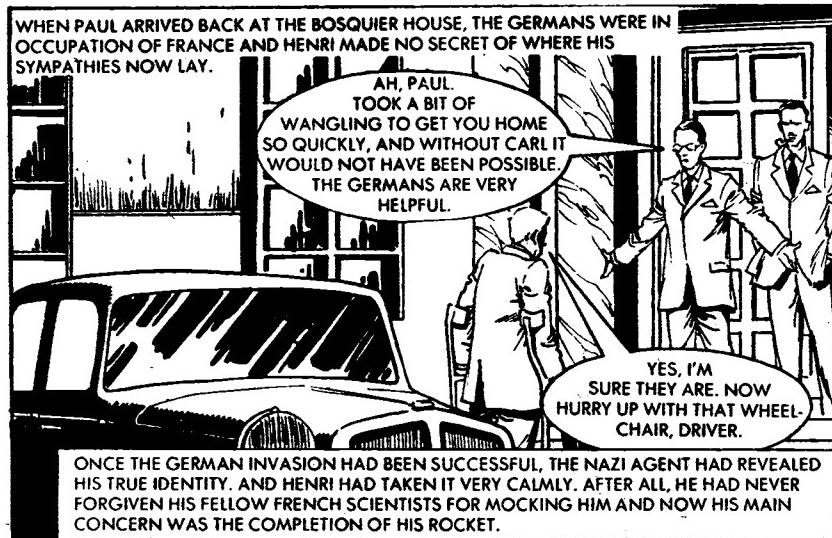
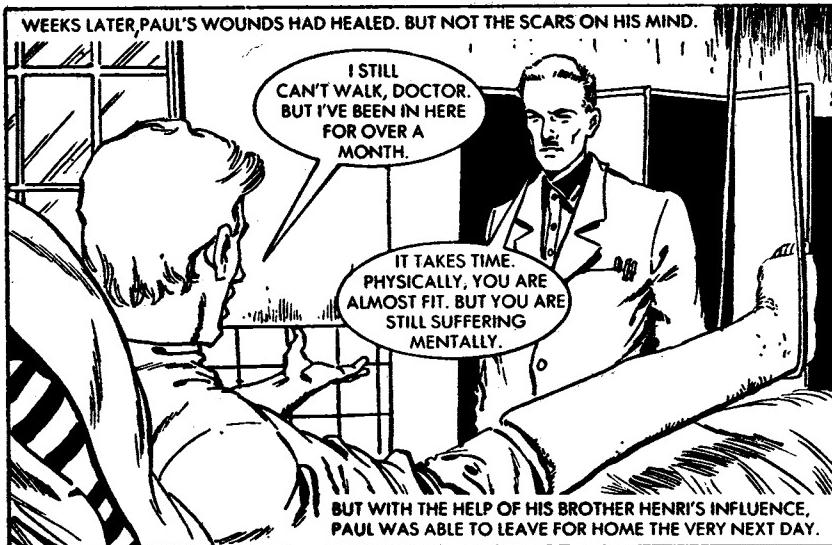
DESPERATELY PAUL BOSQUIER AND HIS CREW TRIED TO EVADE THE FALLING BOMBS—BUT TO NO AVAIL. AS ONE HIT HIS TANK PAUL WAS FLUNG FROM THE TURRET.



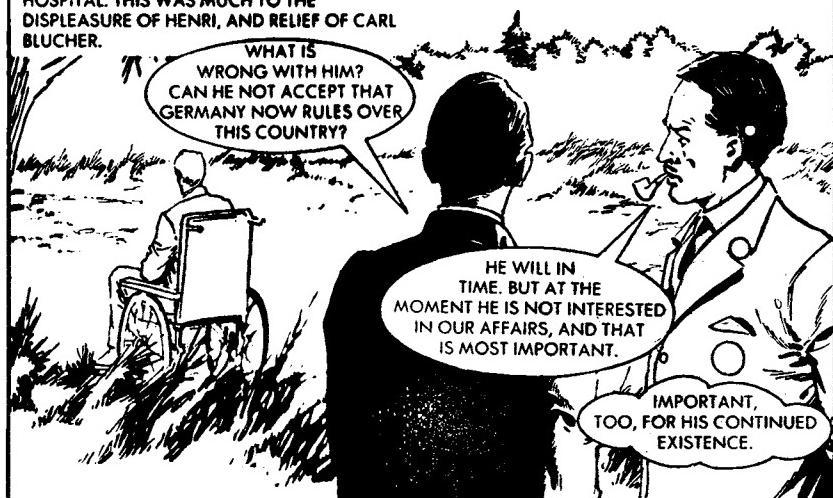
IT HAD ONLY TAKEN A MATTER OF SECONDS FOR THE NAZI AIRCRAFT TO ELIMINATE THE FRENCH ARMOUR. ONLY PAUL BOSQUIER SURVIVED THE ATTACK, AND HE WAS INJURED TOO BADLY TO HELP HIS CREW.







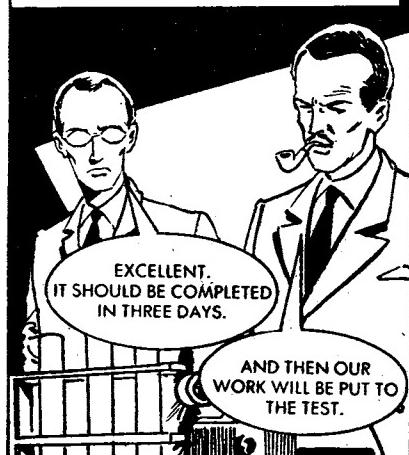
PAUL SEEMED APATHETIC SINCE HIS STAY IN HOSPITAL. THIS WAS MUCH TO THE DISPLEASURE OF HENRI, AND RELIEF OF CARL BLUCHER.



THE YOUNG BOSQUIER SEEMED TO CARE FOR NOTHING NOW BUT HIS PAINTING. IT WAS HIS ONLY ESCAPE FROM THE GRIM REALITIES OF WAR.



MEANWHILE, CARL BLUCHER AND HENRI WORKED ON THE GROUND-TO-AIR MISSILE, AND THEY WERE MAKING PROGRESS.



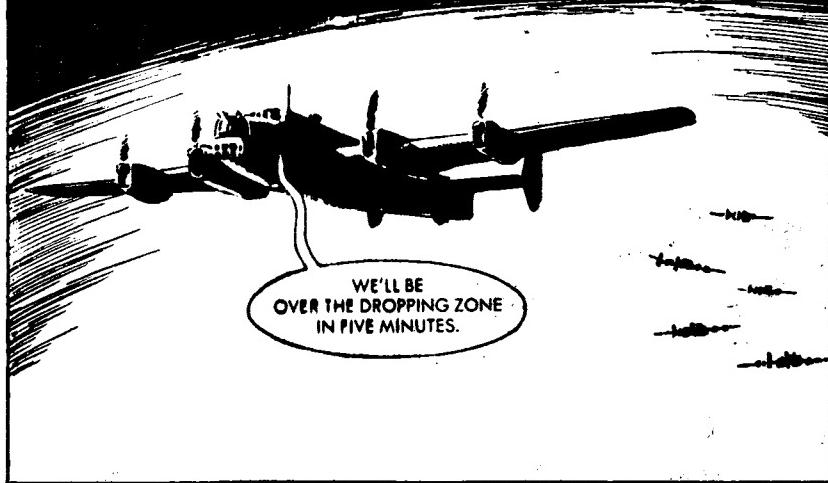
BUT ALLIED INTELLIGENCE HAD ALSO HEARD OF HENRI BOŠQUIER'S ROCKET AND THE FACT HE WAS WORKING FOR THE GERMANS. IT WAS DECIDED TO TRY TO KIDNAP HIM AND THE MAN CHOSEN TO LEAD THE RAID WAS LIEUTENANT FRANK BROOME, AN EXPERIENCED SOLDIER WHO SPOKE FLUENT FRENCH. HE WOULD PARACHUTE INTO THE AREA WITH A CAREFULLY-CHOSEN TEAM...



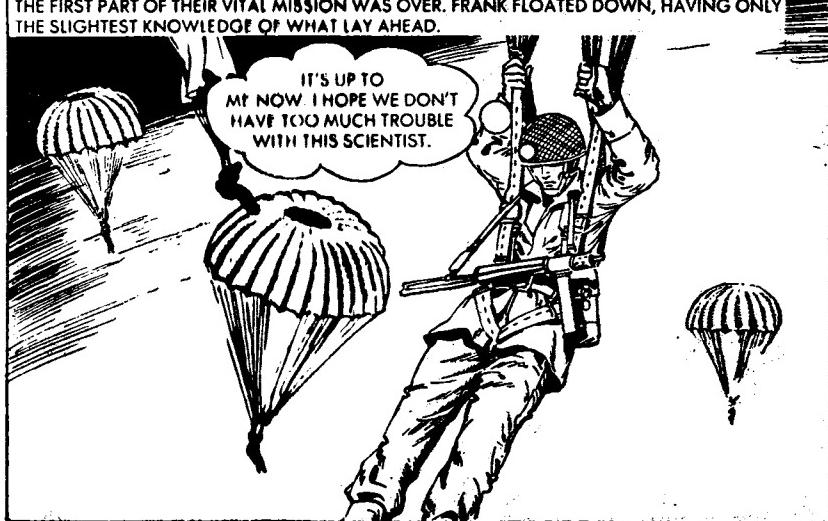
BUT AS THE INTELLIGENCE OFFICER EXPLAINED, BOSQUIER WOULD BE FAR FROM WILLING TO ESCAPE FROM FRANCE. IT LOOKED LIKE BEING A VERY TOUGH MISSION INDEED.



AND SO, ONE WEEK LATER, UNDER COVER OF A NORMAL BOMBING RAID, FRANK BROOME AND HIS FIVE MAN TEAM WERE FLOWN IN TO THEIR DESTINATION.



THE FIRST PART OF THEIR VITAL MISSION WAS OVER. FRANK FLOATED DOWN, HAVING ONLY THE SLIGHTEST KNOWLEDGE OF WHAT LAY AHEAD.



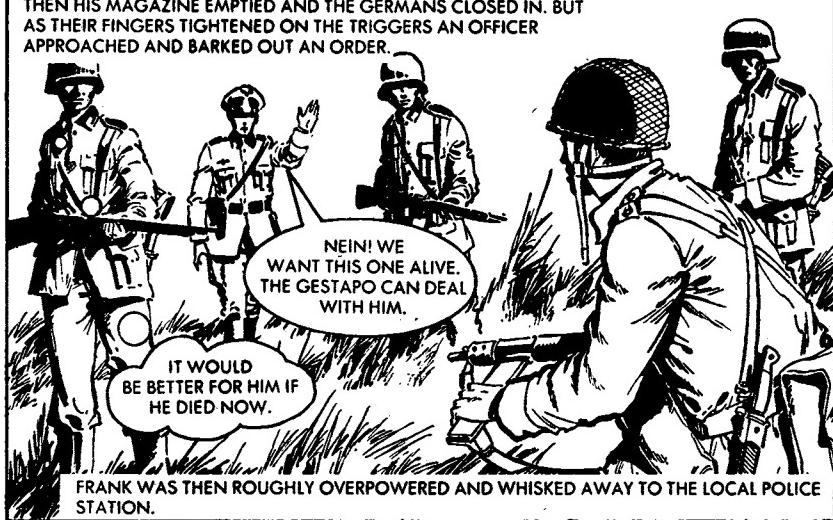
BUT THEN DISASTER STRUCK. A GERMAN PATROL HAD BEEN ON EXERCISE IN THE AREA, AND THE BRITISH TROOPS WERE SPOTTED BEFORE THEY COULD LAND.



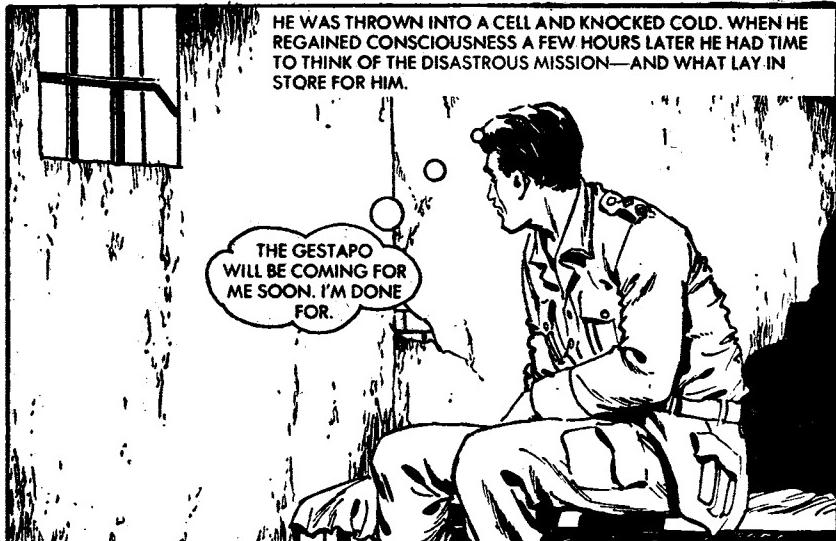
FRANK HAD LANDED FIRST BUT LUCKILY HE HAD MANAGED TO AVOID THE GERMAN FIRE. AND NOW AS HIS MEN DIED ALL AROUND HIM, HE FIRED OFF A DEFIAINT BURST AT THE ATTACKERS.



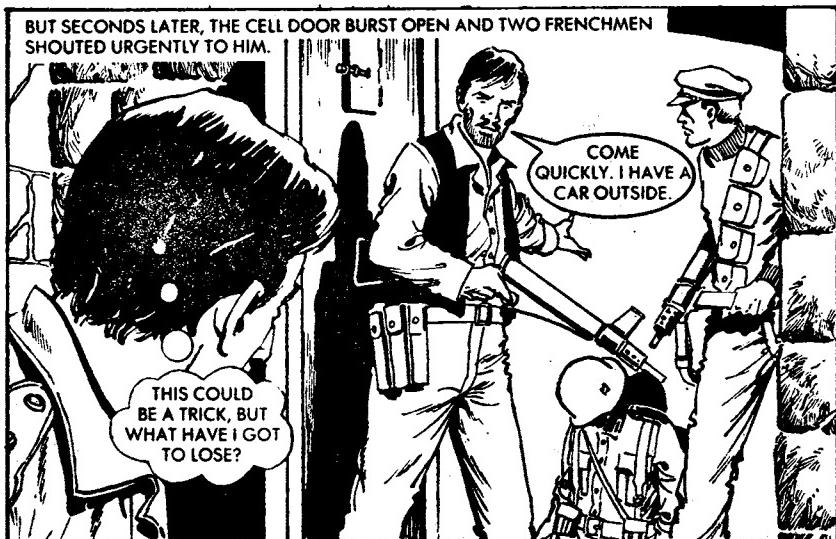
THEN HIS MAGAZINE EMPTIED AND THE GERMANS CLOSED IN. BUT AS THEIR FINGERS TIGHTENED ON THE TRIGGERS AN OFFICER APPROACHED AND BARKED OUT AN ORDER.

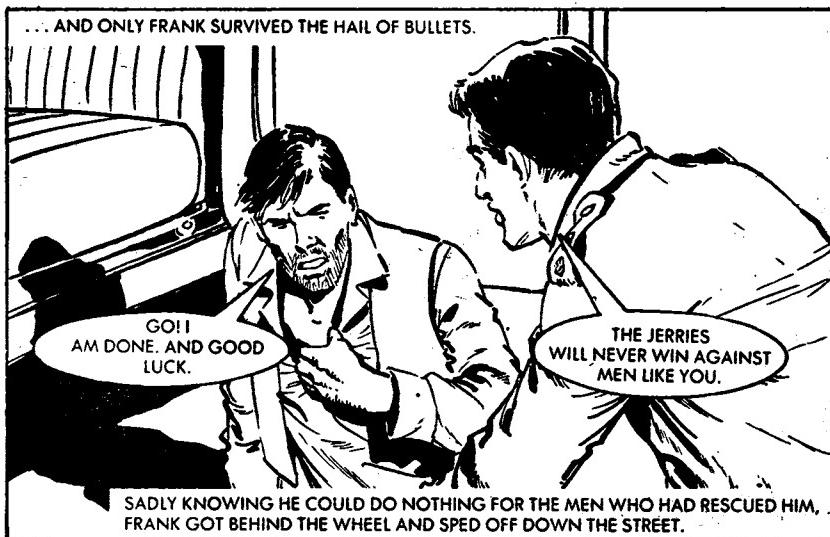


FRANK WAS THEN ROUGHLY OVERPOWERED AND WHISKED AWAY TO THE LOCAL POLICE STATION.



HE WAS THROWN INTO A CELL AND KNOCKED COLD. WHEN HE REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS A FEW HOURS LATER HE HAD TIME TO THINK OF THE DISASTROUS MISSION—AND WHAT LAY IN STORE FOR HIM.







BUT THEN FRANK'S CAR HAD A BLOW-OUT,
AND FRANTICALLY HE TRIED TO KEEP IT ON THE
ROAD.

BLAST IT!
THE TYRE'S GONE. SHE'S
OUT OF CONTROL.

IRONICALLY, FRANK'S BLOW-OUT HAD HAPPENED
CLOSE TO THE GROUNDS OF THE BOSQUIER
HOUSE. PAUL, ENJOYING A REST IN THE SUN,
WAS STARTLED TO SEE A CAR HEADING
TOWARDS DESTRUCTION.

SACRE BLEU!
IT IS GOING TO HIT
THE TREES!

PAUL COULD ONLY LOOK ON, HORRIFIED, AS THE CAR CRASHED HEADLONG INTO A TREE. AND TO ADD TO HIS HORROR THE FIRST FINGERS OF FLAMES BEGAN TO LICK AROUND THE BONNET.



AS FRANK SLUMPED UNCONSCIOUS IN THE CAR, FLAMES FLICKERING CLOSER TO HIM, PAUL RELIVED HIS NIGHTMARE. AGAIN HE COULD HEAR THE HOWL OF THE STUKAS, THE CRASH OF THE BOMBS AND THE CRACKLING FLAMES.



THEN AN AMAZING THING HAPPENED. PAUL WAS ABLE TO WALK. THE PLIGHT OF THAT MAN TRAPPED IN THE CAR HAD GIVEN HIM SUPREME STRENGTH AND COURAGE.



SOMEHOW PAUL REACHED THE CAR. HE DRAGGED FRANK CLEAR OF THE WRECKED VEHICLE MOMENTS BEFORE IT BECAME A PYRE OF SMOKE AND FLAMES.

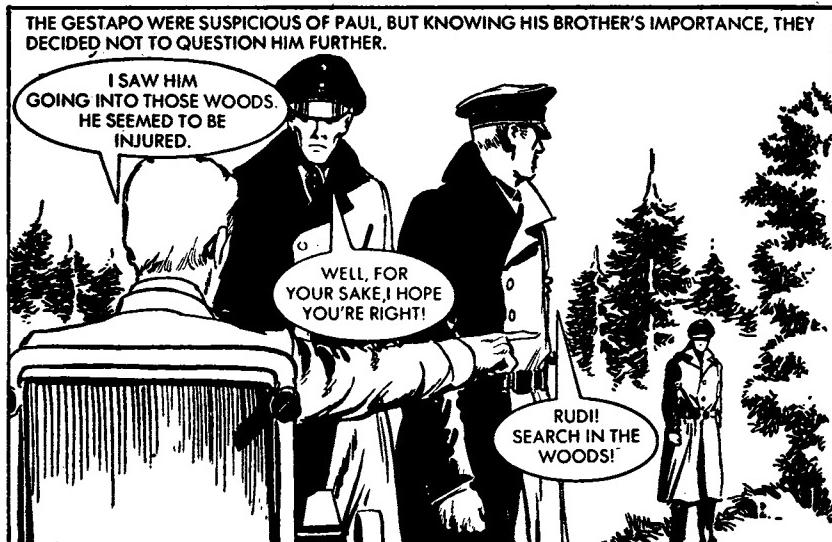


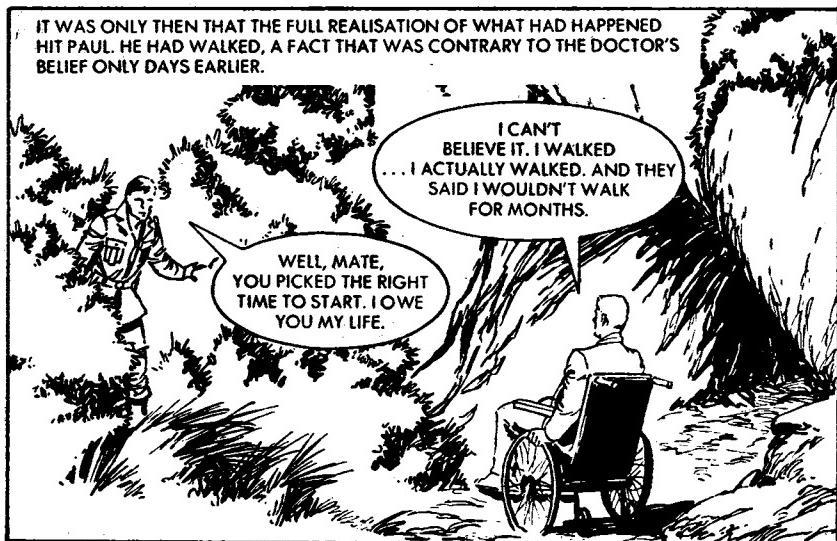
AND SURE ENOUGH, A TUMULTUOUS EXPLOSION SHATTERED THE STILL MORNING, AND TINY PIECES OF METAL SHOWERED THE SURROUNDING AREA. PAUL AND FRANK DIVED TO THE GROUND JUST IN TIME.



BY THE TIME THE GESTAPO CAR ARRIVED, THERE WAS NO SIGN OF FRANK. PAUL WAS BACK IN HIS WHEEL-CHAIR AND HE WAS ABLE TO SUPPLY ANSWERS TO THE NAZIS' QUESTIONS.







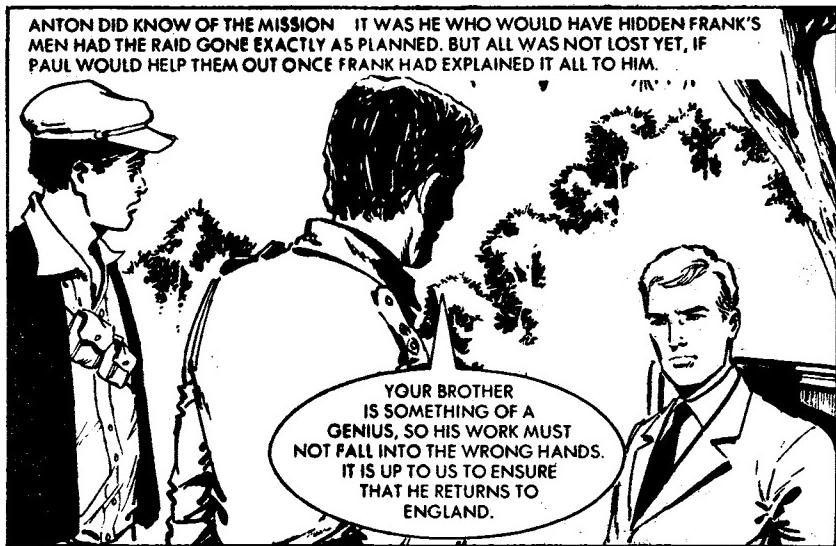


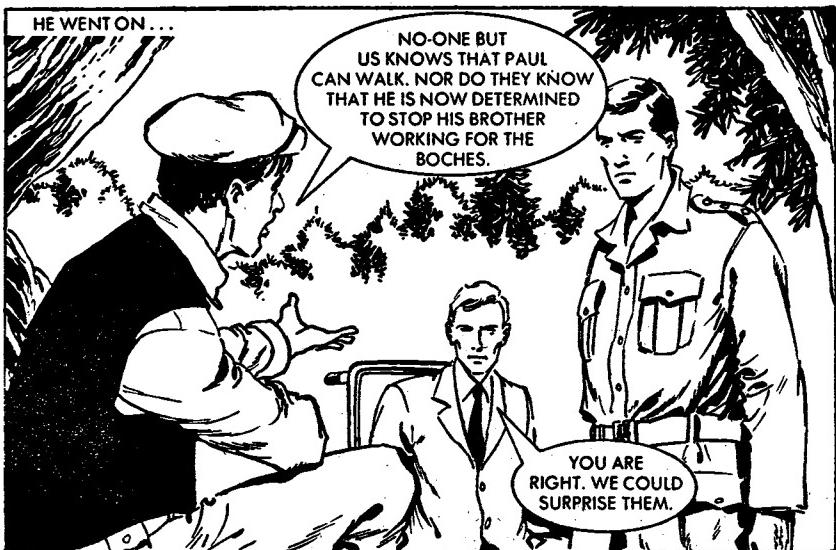
BUT ANTON HAD GOOD REASON TO ANGER PAUL. HE HAD KNOWN ABOUT THE ACCIDENT, AND ALSO KNEW THE BEST WAY TO GET THE YOUNG LIEUTENANT ON HIS FEET AGAIN.

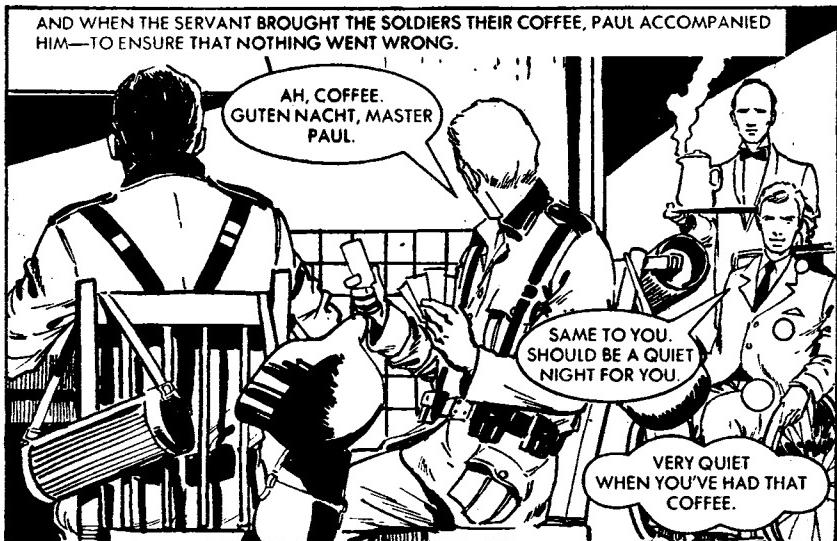


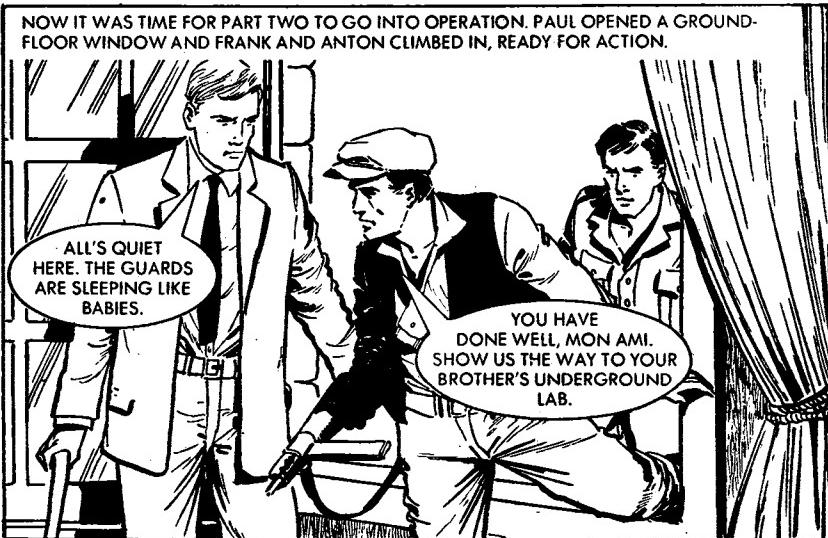
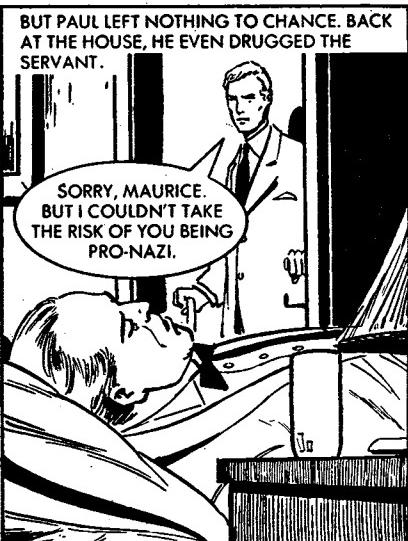
AS PAUL SLUMPED BACK CHEERFULLY INTO THE CHAIR TO REST HIS TREMBLING LEGS, ANTON TURNED TO FRANK AND EXPLAINED THAT THE GERMAN PATROL WHO'D AMBUSHED THE PARATROOPERS HAD BEEN OUT HUNTING TWO RESISTANCE MEN.











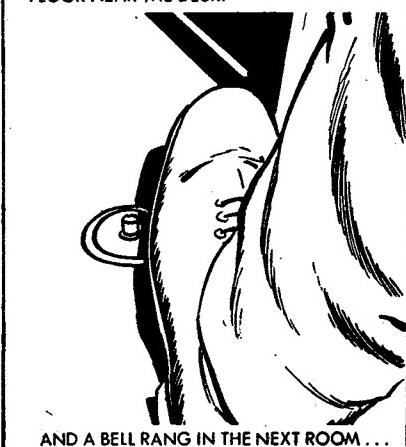
PAUL GAVE THEM DIRECTIONS AND THEN STAYED UPSTAIRS TO WARN OF ANY NEW DANGER. SECONDS LATER, HENRI BOSQUIER COULD NOT BELIEVE HIS EYES WHEN HE SAW THE LEADER OF THE LOCAL RESISTANCE AND A BRITISH ARMY OFFICER STANDING BEFORE HIM.

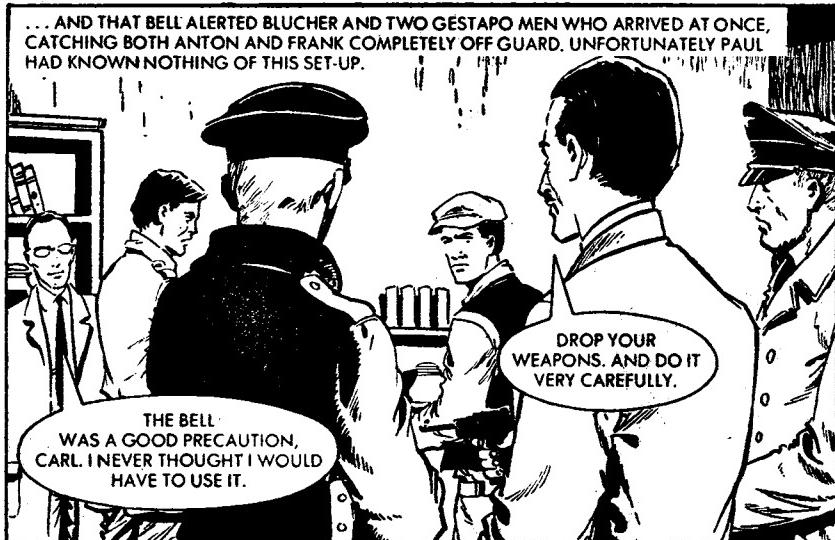


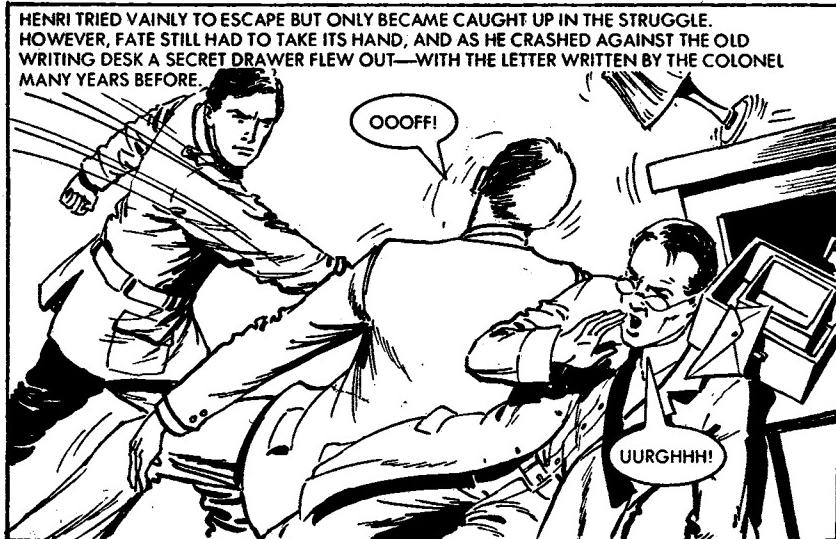
CASUALLY HENRI MOVED TO HIS DESK. HE HAD NO INTENTION OF LEAVING, AND DISGUISED THE FACT WELL.



BUT AS HE RUMMAGED AROUND FOR HIS NOTES, HIS FOOT FOUND THE SMALL ALARM BUTTON, CONCEALED ON THE FLOOR NEAR THE DESK.





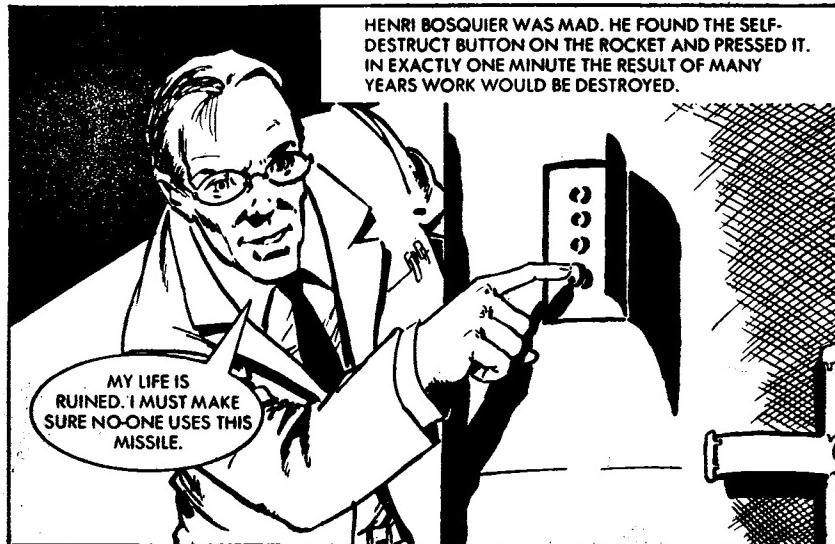


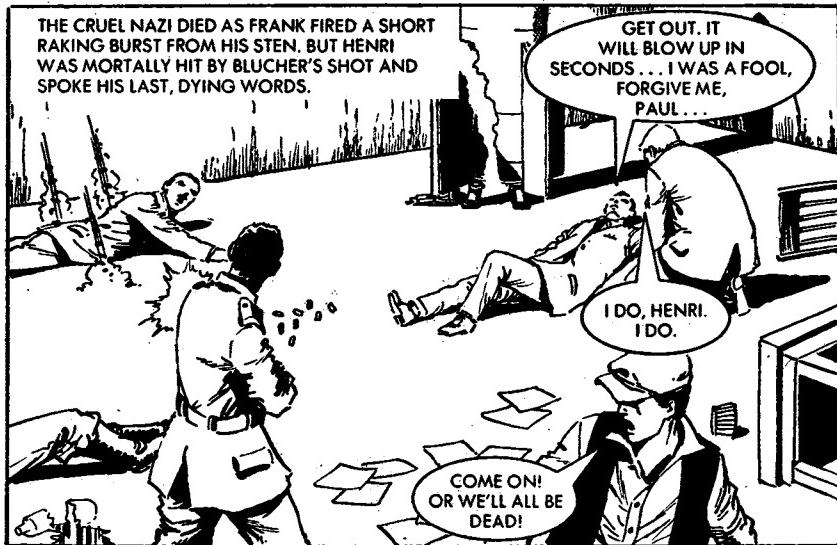
EVEN IN ALL THAT CONFUSION, THE SIGHT OF HIS UNCLE'S HAND-WRITING WAS ENOUGH TO MAKE HENRI FORGET ALL ELSE. READING THE LETTER, HE GASPED, NOT BELIEVING THAT THE COLONEL, WHOM HE HAD HEARD OF AND GREATLY ADMIRE, WOULD HAVE DONE SUCH A THING.



DISCOVERING THAT HIS LIFE—LONG IDOL HAD BROUGHT SHAME ON THE FAMILY NAME, HENRI CRACKED AND RAN TOWARDS THE ROCKET AS ANTON STRUGGLED WITH BLUCHER. PAUL YELLED URGENTLY—







THE BOSQUIER HOUSE WAS DESTROYED, TAKING WITH IT THE LETTER THE COLONEL HAD WRITTEN ALL THOSE YEARS AGO. BUT NO MORE WOULD THE TWO FAMILIES FEEL HATRED FOR EACH OTHER. HERE WERE TWO MEN WHO HAD DISPELLED THE GUILT AND COWARDICE AND REPLACED THEM WITH HONOUR AND COURAGE.



IT WAS A GRIM THOUGHT, AND THESE WERE GRIM TIMES . . . BUT ONLY AS LONG AS THE NAZIS RULED. AND THERE WERE MEN LIKE PAUL, ANTON AND FRANK WHO WOULD MAKE THEIR REIGN AS SHORT AS POSSIBLE!

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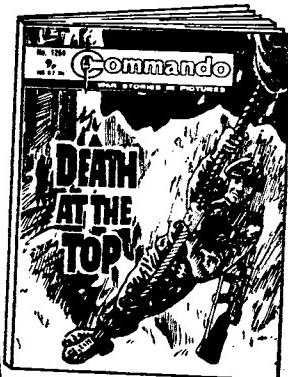
- THAT'S THE ACTION IN

Commando

**THERE'S
EXCITEMENT
GALORE
IN THESE
FOUR GREAT
BOOKS!**



*You've
got one -
now go
get the
OTHER
THREE!*





Stars of Soccer – Kenny Burns

COURAGE COMES FIRST

THE French fought valiantly in the Second World War when the mighty Nazi war-machine rolled over their country. And Paul Bosquier was one of those men who battled bravely, risking his life time after time.

Then disaster struck. He was hurled from the turret of his tank, badly injured. It was clear that he would have no further part to play in the war.

At least that's what everyone thought. Everyone except Paul Bosquier. His war was not over yet, not by a long way.

Commando

